

TWO CURIOUS AUTHORS: H. A., GENT., AND H. W.,
N. & Queries GENT. 11 Nov. 1852

The lover of curious books is often at a loss to adjudge a category to the oddities which fall in his way. Such is my perplexity at this moment in regard to a pair of authors, or "Gents," as they style themselves. The first has contributed to our poetical stock —

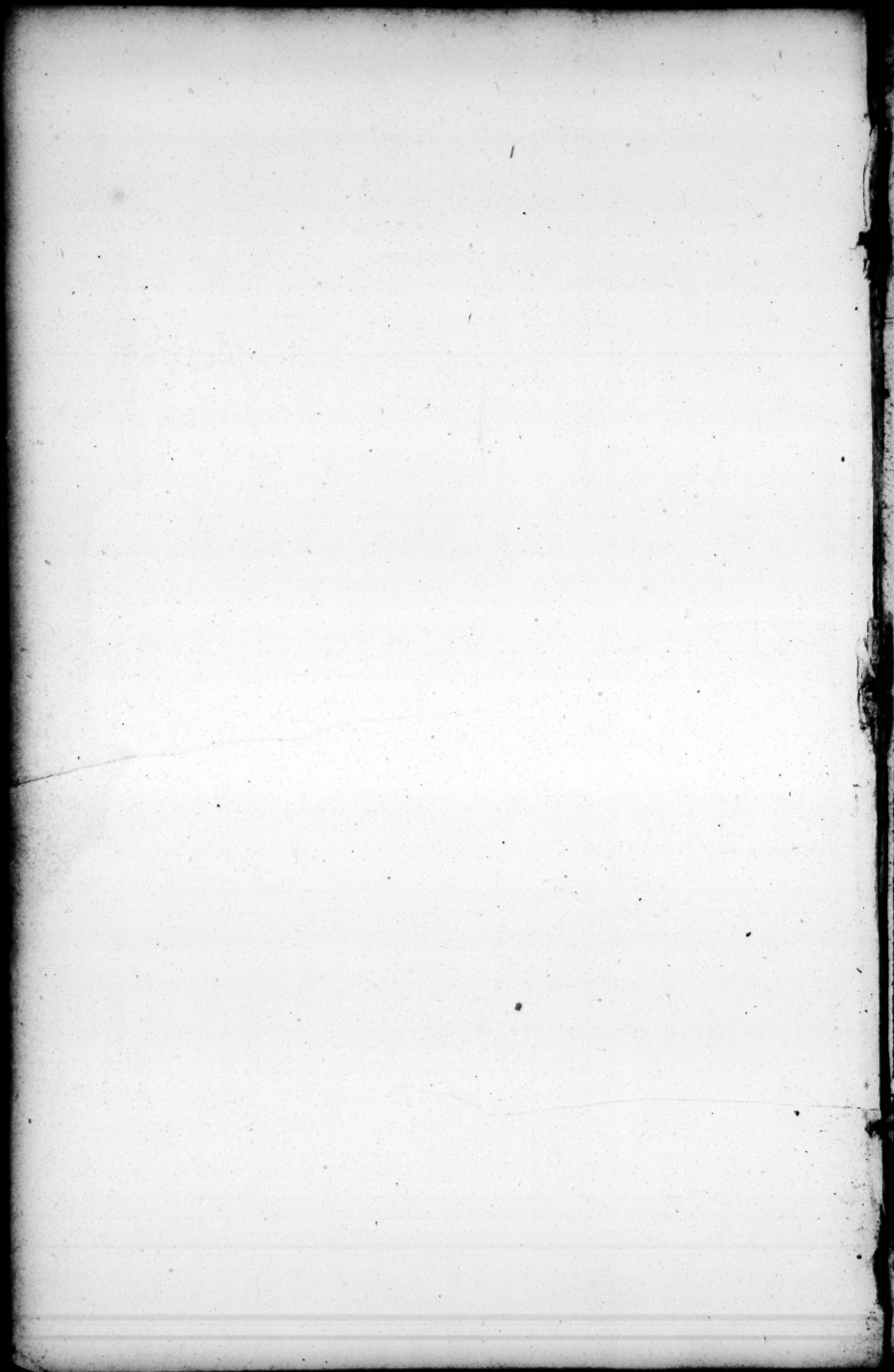
"The Court Convert: or, a sincere Sorrow for Sin, faithfully travers'd; expressing the Dignity of a true Penitent. Drawn in little by ONE whose manifold Misfortunes abroad have rendered him necessitated to seek for Shelter here; by dedicating himself and this said small Poem. By H. A., Gent." 12mo. pp. 32. Printed for the Author. N. D. (circa 1700.)

Although this piece was noticed at length in *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 481., there was no light thrown upon its author, or its bibliographical peculiarities. It is to these, therefore, and not the subject, or its treatment — in which there is no merit — that I would make a remark or two.

The book, then, commences with an address "To the Honoured," — followed by a vacant space, which is filled up in my copy, in fair black-letter caligraphy, "Sr John Pestaville, Bart.," and undersigned "Henry Anderson." In this the poet, thus obscurely as to his history, and humbly as to his merits, seeks to conciliate his patron:

"The Author's condition being at present on a level, and the basis of his former fortune overthrown, to get clear of the dilemma, and prevent his future interment in the ruins, humbly takes leave to dedicate this small poem (the offspring of a penny-less Muse) to your kind acceptance: having nothing in this iron age, wherewith to support him, but a feeble quill. He knows it is not practicable to trade for wealth in the poet's territories; he might as well depend on the wheel of Fortune for a benefit, which only turns to the advantage of her favourites, than fish for pearl in the Muse's Helicon, where are only wrecks, and no riches; he has only play'd a little about the brink; which, if not well done, is submitted to correction: but, believing the spirit of goodness and true humility resides in your generous breast, as a rich gemm in a noble cascade, he is encourag'd to lay this the aforesaid brat at your hospitable gate," &c.

Did this description of my copy fully represent all those extant, it would be hardly worth a Note; but it seems the worthy author, taking advantage of the convertible "H. A." on his title, was in the habit of varying the signature to the address,—carrying, apparently, a pocket-press with him, and imprinting "Henry Anderson" or "Henry Audley," as his fancy or his interest might suggest. There are, indeed, other varieties, such as an Edinburgh imprint, and an appeal to his patrons on behalf of his "brat," totally different to that from which I have quoted. So much for the *Court Convert*.



THE
Court Convert:

OR, A

Sincere Sorrow for SIN, Faithfully

TRAVERS'D;

Expressing the Dignity of a

True Penitent.

Drawn in Little by ONE, whose Manifold Misfortunes Abroad, have render'd him Necessitated, to seek for Shelter Here; by Dedicated himself, and this said small
P O E M.

By *H. A. Gent.*

Printed for the Author.



TO THE
H O N O U R E D
S^r John Pestaville Bar:

^{S^r}
THE Author's Condition being at present on a Level, and the Basis of his former Fortune Overthrown, to get Clear of the Dilemma, and prevent his future Interment in the Ruins ; Humbly takes leave to Dedicate this small Poem (the Offspring of a Penny-less Muse) to your kind Acceptance : Having nothing in this Iron Age, wherewith to support him, but a Feeble Quill. He knows it is not Practicable to Trade for Wealth in the Poets Territories, he might as well depend on the Wheel of Fortune for a Benefit, which only Turns to the advantage of her Favorites, than Fish for Pearl in the Muses Helicon, where are only Wrecks, and no Riches ; he has only
play'd

The Epistle Dedicatory, &c.

play'd a little about the Brink; which, if not well done, is submitted to Correction: But, believing the spirit of Goodness and true Humility, resides in your Generous Breast, as a Rich Gemm in a Noble Cascate, he is Encourag'd to Lay this the aforesaid Brat at your Hospitable gate; for they whose Estimate of Men, and things Proceed not from a Blind and Popular Applause; Lives up most near the Example of our SAVIOUR; who, when on Earth Declin'd the Conversation of a Proud Tetrarch, for that of a Poor Lazar, and Valu'd more the Holy acts of an Humble Fisher, then all the Great and Heroick Deeds of a Haughty Cæsar.

I am Your Honours

most Dutiful Servant

Henry Anderson.

T H E

Court Convert.

D Eluding *World*, which hath so long amus'd,
 And with *False Shapes* my dreaming *Soul*
 (abus'd:

Tyrannick Court, where simple *Mortals* buy,
 With *Life* and *Fortune*, splendid *Slavery* ;
 Hence-forth *Adieu* ; my goodly stock of years,
 Laid out for that, I now lament with tears.
Monarchs, who with amazing splendor glare,
 And *Favourites*, who their Reflections are ;
 Both shine, 'tis true, but 'tis like *Glass* they do ;
 Brittle as that, and made of *Ashes* too :

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The Hour is set, wherein, *they* must disown
 The *Royal Pomp*, the *Treasure*, and the *Throne* :
 The dazzling Lustre of *Majestick State*,
 Shall be extinguish'd by the *hand* of *fate* ;
 Highness must stoop into the hollow *grave*,
 And keep *sad Court* in a cold dampish *Cave*.
 Beauty, and jovial *youth*, decays apace ;
Age still, and *sickness*, oft doth both deface.
 The *Favorite*, whom all adore and fear,
 Whose strength doth so unshakable appear,
 It but a *Tower* built on flitting Sands,
 No longer than the *tempest* sleepeth, stands :
 Nor can the *calm* of *Fortune* long insure ;
 Or *Monarchs* favour, *crazie* Man secure :
 We moulder of our selves, and soon, or late,
 We must *resign* beloved Life to Fate.

From stately Pallaces we must remove,
 The narrow Lodging of a *Grave* to prove :
 Leave the fair *Train*, and the light-guilded *Room*,
 To lye alone benighted in the *Tomb*.
 G O D only is Immortal : *Man* not so ;
 Life to be paid, upon demand, we owe.
 The ridged *Laws* of *Fate*, with none dispence,
 From the least Begger, to the greatest Prince.
 The crooked *Scythe*, that no *distinction* knows,
Monarchs, and *Slaves*, indifferently Mows.
 One day wee'd pittty those we now admire,
 When after all the Glory they acquire ;
 When after all the famous Conquests they have made,
 Fierce *Death* their *Lawrels* in the *Dust* hath laid.
 Those heads and hands, which States and Princes steer,
 Who *Rule* in *Peace*, and *Conquer* in the War,

Shall, by a sad, and certain change of *State*,
 Be Doom'd a *Prize* to Death, and Rigid Fate :
 Then be no more ; their very *Name* will dye
 To *Fame*, unless preserv'd by *History*.
 'Tis *Heavens* Great KING alone, whom Angels serves,
 Who our whole *hearts*, whole *care*, whole *love*, deserves ;
 To HIM all's due, there's naught at our command,
 But must be paid at his *Divine* demand :
 To HIM the *Christian* ought to make his Court,
 His *Love* the only matter of Import :
 Not, but that *Honour* must to *Kings* be paid,
 Being by *Heav'n*, Heav'ns *Vicegerants* made ;
 To *such* we Dedicate our Hearts and Hands,
 With due Submission to their *Just* Commands ;
 And their *Unjust* ones, tho' we cannot do,
 We must the *Mulct*, with patience, undergo :

'Tis *Sacrilege* (in any case) to pry
 Into the *God-like* power of Majesty,
 And meer *Typhoeon* insolence to strive,
 Law to a *King*, with Lawless Arms to give ;
 But all good *Subjects* should adore the *Hand*,
 By which Kings, and the Crowns they wear, do stand ;
 And while the Earths great *Master* we revere,
 Pay Homage also to the *Thunderer* ;
 To G O D, who *Kings* obey ; whose Bounty gave
 Their *Scepters*, *Crowns*, and all the *Goods* they have :
 To G O D, whose *Sun* Beams guilded Royal state,
 And Glory gives to each great *Monarch's* fate ;
 With whose unknown, but to H I M, easie Skill,
 Manages *Powers*, and *Princes* as H E will.

Now for to get in *favour* with this *Prince*,
 There needs no more, but simple Innocence :

No Honour at his Court is bought with Gold ;

But for cheap *Love* are all *Preferments* sold :

And in proportion to the *Love* you bring,

You shall have *Power* from the KING of Kings :

With a good stock of *Love* there one may climb,

To a *great Fortune*, in a little time.

Nor is it hard methinks to *Love* a GOD,

Who is Himself, so *Loving*, and so *Good*.

In other Courts a Man doth lose himself,

Oft for a little, and long drug'd for Pelf ;

In business bearing an uncertain state,

Made void (sometimes) by Envy, or by Hate,

Rendring *Possession* of too short a date.

For as a *Drop* makes the Body grow,

(At the same time, that it brings *Nature* low)

O're-whelm'd with water, choak'd with wind,

So *Wealth* (at once) swells up, and starves the Mind,
But

But G O D, the *Souls* capacity doth fill ;
 His Bounty over-flows Man's boundless Will :
 And since the Earth cannot our Nature bless,
 And the great World's too little for the Less,
 His boundless *Self* he gives us, is so good
 (As *Roman* hold) the *Sacramental* Food,
 To Regale us, with's *Body* and His *Blood*.
 With Heavenly *Manna* Angel's tasteful Meat,
 The same he gave His loving *Twelve* to Eat ;
 Himself the *Treator*, and Himself the *Treat*.
 Come all that *Hunger* to the *Royal Feast* ;
 Come ev'ry one, and wear the *Nuptial Vest* :
 Let the King's splendor dash, or dazel, none ;
 Or being Mean, discourage any one.
 Your *Hoast* is known to be as *Meek*, as *Great* ;
 And will alike, the King, and Beggar *Treat*.

Spare not his Board, you cannot make him poor ;
 The more He gives, the greater is his *Store* :
 His *Bounty*, like His *Treasure's*, unconfin'd,
 By giving, still to Give the more inclin'd.
 Come then, and crowd into his *Royal Court*,
 And to the source of Goodness all resort.
 Love HIM, whose *Goodness* words cannot express ;
 And whose All-flowing *Bounty* is not less,
 Lift up your Reason then, and have a care,
 No foolish worldly *Bubbles* enter there :
 With such Precaution you'll acquire his Grace,
 And Purchase in his Glorious Court a Place,
 Where you will Bless the Day you first awoke,
 The happy *Time* in which your slumber broke :
 Crowds of all Blessings will your *Hearts* invade,
 And your fresh blooming Joys will never Fade.

No more the Storms of *Princes* you will fear,
 That cause so many *Wrecks*, and *Wretches* here,
 Where (in a moment) all the *Cargo's* lost,
 Which your whole *stock* of *Anxious* Care has cost :
 One day [with G O D] affords you more Content,
 Than twenty Lives, in *Courts* of *Princes* spent.
 An angry word, a flight, a gloomy frown,
 Will be enough to cast a *Courtier* down ;
 If he would *beg* a *favour* of his *King*,
 Let his *Request*, be ne're so *mean* a *thing*,
 A *hundred* Journeys he must undertake ;
 His *Suit*, to this and that great *Courtier* make :
 Thousands of *Legs*, and *Cringes* it will cost ;
 And after all, perhaps, his *Labour* lost.
 But with G O D's *Votaries* it is not so ;
 We cannot Ask so fast, as He'll bestow ;

His E A R is still, to hear our *Suits*, inclin'd,
And to each *Suitor* daily proveth kind.

H E often hears, before we are aware,
And our least Wants by H I M consider'd are ;
The smallest Hair, falls not beside H I S care.

On H I M we cannot our *good thoughts* displace,
Unless we madly throw away H I S *Grace*

Only to *Him* our Hearts should yield the sway,

And not, by *False* obedience, Heav'n betray :

For *first* G O D doth, what H E would have us do,
Love, with a *Love*, beyond *Example*, *True* :

His *Charming Law*, is L O V E, His *Yoke* is sweet,

Both for the *King*, and poorest Beggar, meet :

Easie and Light, alike to Great and Small,

And the same Hire propos'd to them all.

Of *Monarchs*, he to *Him* is Great alone,

Who to himself becomes a *Little One*.

The only *Greatness* which poor Man can have,

Is to be here his *Great Redeemer's* Slave :

That King, that doth not *Heav'ns* Just King obey,

A Traytor is himself to *Majesty*.

The simple *Shepherd*, who with Chast desire,

The cheerful *Innocence* to *Heav'n* aspires :

The honest painful *Labourer*, who sweats

From Morn to Night, to get the bread he eats :

If he serves *Heav'n*, is indeed more great

Than Kings, with all their Pride, and purple State.

Thrice brave those Monarchs, who had dar'd to fly.

From all th' Alluring *Charms* of Majesty ;

Lay down the Sword, their conqu'ring Troops forsake,

Unarm'd alone, the *Heav'n* of *Heavens* t'attack,

A *Holy War* with *Hoasts* of Pleasures wage,

And tho' the *Flesh* did for the Foe engage,

Triumph'd o're *Foreign* and *Domestick* Rage?

Thrice *Blest* are those, who fled from being **Great**,
From *Courts*, to safer *Cottages* retreat :

Heav'n kindly doth their humble thoughts defeat ;
For *Greatness*, while they strive to shun, they meet.
They are made great, and more glorious Kings,
By being Just, than by all earthly things.

Ah ! how we *Win*, in *Losing* for our G O D,
While *Heav'n* is gain'd for a poor sorry clod
Of *Earth* : When for a short *Grief* here endur'd,
We are of *Everlasting Joys* assur'd :

Since for one pleasure, we refuse our Sence,
We shall have *Millions* for our recompence.

Poor abus'd Men, unlucky *flock*, they stray
Without the *Shepherd*, void of the Right way.

Unthinking *Souls*, that perish with delight,
Which all the Threats of *Heav'n* cannot affright :

For sure those *Pains*, which doth on *Sin* attend,
 Pain which begins, but never must have end :
 The Immaterial *Fire* that burneth still ;
 But to their great misfortune cannot kill :
 The *Devils Dungeons*, all sorts of *Pain*,
 Which *Humane fortitude* cannot sustain,
 Might (one wou'd think) Mens brutish courage shake,
 And in our *Souls* a Noble fear awake :
 But if the *Racks* of *Hell*, can't *Sin* subdue,
 Suffer the *Lord* of *Hosts* to Conquer you ;
 Oppose *Him* not unwisely, but imbrace
 The favourable Offers of *His* Grace :
 Restore *Him* to the Kingdom of your *Hearts*,
 Lost without *Mercy*, by the *Devils Arts* :
 The old *Usurper's* lawless Power disown,
 Depose the hellish *Tyrant* from the *Throne* ;
 And let King JESUS Reign in it alone.

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His

His Law is much more easie to observe,
 Than those o'th' World (which yet we gladly serve)
 It neither hurts the *Body*, nor the *Mind* ;
 But is indeed to one, and t'other kind :
 A Check sometimes it may afford to *Sense* ;
 But is, at length, its own benevolence.

O *Divine Law* ! O, easie *Law* of *Love* !
 Let M E observe thee, and thy Wages prove :
 But then i'th' World, a hundred Laws there be,
 Void of all *Sense*, but full of *Tyranny* :
 Where *Foppish* form, our Liberty restrains,
 And Cripples us with false fantastick Chains,
 You must pretend to Love whom you detest ;
 Fawn on the *Great One*, when by him oppress ;
 With sneering praise, guild o're his blackest Crimes,
 And all those *Humours* which debauch the Times :

Mask your *Displeasure* with a smiling *face*,
 And swear you'r highly pleas'd with your disgrace;
 Triumph in shew, when you are over-thrown,
 And all your Discontents, and Griefs disown;
 Cutting off quite (with base uneasy Art)
 The honest Commerce, of the *Mouth* and *Heart*.
 O, shameful *Slavery* of poor Mankind;
 Unworthy of a Man, or Christian mind;
 Instead of **CHRIST**, whom always we shou'd own,
False Tyranny, and *Passion* we enthrone;
 Cringing to those that from all *Vertue* run,
 To serve a *Thousand* Masters in their turn.
 The crowded way of Vice cou'd never show
 Such Pleasure, which true Virtue doth bestow;
 From *Innocence*, a Native Joy accrews;
 But wracking Sorrow, always Guilt pursues.

The *Ill Man's* never *Quiet*, not *Content* ;
 The *Good* is full of *Chear*, though *Penitent*.
 His inward *Calm* upon his Brow appears,
 And *Halcian* like, no blust'ring *Storm* he fears.
Him, all the *Turns* of *Fate's* prepar'd to find,
 Meets *Frowns*, and *Favours*, with an equal mind.
 If *Sickness* warns him of approaching *Death* ;
 Or *Fortune* Robs him of his worldly *Wealth*,
 It cannot his unshaken *Courage* move ;
 Who, above *Earth*, hath plac'd in *Heav'd* his *Love* :
 His *Health*, his *Riches*, and his sole *Delight*,
 Is here to serve his *G O D* with all his *might* ;
 And that great *Master* faithfully to trace,
 Whose *Death* was *triumph*, pleasure a disgrace :
 He lov'd the *Cross*, O *Cross* ! O happy *Wood* !
 That once was Manur'd with our *Saviour's* *Blood*,

And

And *Moisten'd* with his *Tears*, with *Tears* of *Grief*,
 Whilst *He* that *Shed* them, *Dy'd* for our *Relief* ;
 Whose All-Revenging *Death* [by th' *Cross*] did quell,
 The usurped force of *Sin*, and *Power* of *Hell* ;
 The *Stigians* Monster's *Power*, and set free
 Renowned *Hero's* from *Captivity* :
 'Twas by this *Cross*, that *He* to *Heav'n* did climb,
 And Order'd all Mankind to follow H I M.
 O *Cross* ! O CHRIST ! O *Wounds* ! O streams of *Blood* !
 O KING ! to your ungrateful *Slaves*, too Good !
 My *Hearts* delight, my lingring *Souls* desire,
 My *Love*, that burns me with a *Jambent* Fire ;
 My J E S U S ! Blessed *Body*, and his *Blood*,
 Brought down from *Heav'n*, to be *Man's* Food :
 Your L O V E, I find, to such Excess amounts,
 My *Gratitude* is *Lost* in the account.

When *Punishment* was to my Actions due,
 Amazing *favours* my *misdeeds* ensue,
 Instead of being, by your Justice thrust,
 With sudden *thunder*, into Native Dust:
 While with my works, I earn'd the *Fire* of *Hell*,
 And Satan *triumph'd* o're my wretched will;
 When I provok'd your *Justice* with the hight
 Of base Ingratitude, and Earths delight,
 You did ev'n then, o'depth of Goodness deign,
 My Heart of all Innated *Vice* to drain,
 Which first, in being Yours, was truly Blest,
 Till I (vile wretch) my MASTER dispossest:
 YOU were its *Lord*, its *Monarch*; and what more?
 Vouchsaf'd to *Esouse* a thing so mean and poop;
 To th' expence of Your dear *Blood* and *Breath*;
 Your *purple sweat* and *tortures*, worse than Death,

So Dear it cost *YOU* ; yet I bore away ;
 Tho' you have (once more) made the wretch your Prey.
 Dear *Lord*, I wander'd in the *paths* of *Vice*,
 And grop'd on blindfold to the *Precipice* :
 Instead of Loving *YOU*, the only Good,
 I made each empty *Vanity*, my God :
 But O excess of *mercy*; *YOU* repay,
 With *grace* and *gifts*, Your *slaves* black treachery,
 Whom the false *World*, and falser *Court* deceiv'd ;
 Whom *Sin*, and *Satan*, wretchedly enslav'd.
 What dismal blindness did possess my mind,
 For silly short-liv'd *toys*, to have resign'd
 A blest *Eternity* ; and you dear *Lord*,
 Who can a real Heav'nly *Good* afford !
 Eyes, on my Cheeks, let trickling tears run down,
 Your *guilty selves*, in your own Waters drown.

False Guides, that led me to the *Hunters* snare ;
 When by my self, left wholly to your care :
 Poor Ambitious, fond deluded Sight,
 Thus on the *Sorry Creature* to delight ;
 Your *fellow slave*, a bit of *Earth*, a *Dream*,
 E'en a poor wretched *Nothing* to esteem ;
 For what avails a *Mitre*, or a *Crown*,
 Or all that here a Man can call his own.
 Those whom our fawning *flatterers*, call Great ;
 Whom baser *Man-kind* prostrate at their feet,
 In the *Divine*, *Eternal glass* appear,
 As little, as the meanest *Mortal* here.
 When the Eye in darkness sets, and Life's Fire,
 With the *Ice* of *Death*, in Sorrow doth Expire ;
 What matters Gold, by some Men so ador'd ?
 What *pleasure* will a starry *Crown* afford ?

This Garb ill fits, a Pale and Lifeless *Head*,
 And that bright *mettle* shines not to the Dead ;
 Corruption then *will* not forbear its Prey,
 For fear of *dead* and *helpless Majesty* ;
 Nor will that *Lustre*, which amaz'd poor *Man*,
 Dazle the *Legions* of bold *Virmin* then :
 Alas ! There's no distinction in the Grave,
 Between the greatest *King*, and meanest *Slave* :
All Flesh is there unto one *Change* destin'd,
 And leaves all *worldly Goods* and *Fame* behind.
 But different *Fates*, the righteous *Souls* attend,
 From theirs that here doth make a wicked End.
 Those of the *Good*, to Heav'n's Great *King* repair,
 The *Unknown Pleasures* of his *Court* to share,
 In Peace and *glorious triumph* to Enjoy,
 The *fruit* of their labourious *Victory*.
 But those who lodg'd in Bodies did defy,
 With unrepented *Crimes* the *Deity*.

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Condemn'd to *Chains*, and hopeless of Relief,

Dye to all *Bliss*: But ever *Live* to grief.

It is a doleful Scene, to see base Man,

Provoke his Patient M A K E R, all he can;

Shun Happiness, so easy to be won,

And take a world of pains to be Undon;

Even employ his whole Life long, to buy,

A wretched Right, to endless Misery.

Thus he, who studies to indulge his Earth,

And quite neglects the meaning of his Birth.

Into the gaping Jaws of *Satan* runs,

And the inviting Arms of J E S U S shuns:

Those *Arms*, that stand still open to receive,

All weary Prodigals, that Sin doth leave?

Arms full of *Love* and *pitty*, which display,

Ev'n to Foes, and Traitors *sanctuary*:

For those, he left his *Father's* bright Abode,

Made *Son* of Man, to make Man *Son* of GOD

To

To Cure their *Wounds*, He Lifes *Elixir* Bled,
 And *Dy'd* a *Death*, to *Raise* them from the Dead.

Dear J E S U S, who with fuch a Charming Art,
 Hath soften'd and Reduc'd Man's sinful Heart ;
 Did likewise on the Day the Church Renews,
 The Annual Obsequies of her Dead *Spouse* ;
 From worldly Vice, her *Votary* fet free,
 And from the *Court* and *World* deliver'd me :
 So from my self, thus freed, didst after deign,
 To bind me with your *Loves* enlarging Chain :
 For fuch your Favours, fhew me but the way,
 Good Lord, my due Acknowledgment muft pay.
 Y O U had the Goodnefs, for my fake to *Dye*,
 Which I for Y O U, will do moft willingly :
 And fince my Life cannot fuffice to pay,
 For the leaft *Breath*, of that You gave away.

I wish the Lives of all the World were mine,
 That all, for *Your* dear Sake, I might resign.
 But a Rent Heart, since *You* will not despise,
 And a bruis'd *Reed*, to *You* in *Sacrifice*;
 My *Prayers*, I humbly Offer : And *Adore*
 The G O D, that doth accept a *Gift* so poor.
 I Love You, Lord, as Bed-rid Men love Health,
 Close Prisoners Freedom, or Starv'd Beggars Wealth.
 My Soul thirsts after thee, pure Spring of Good,
 As the Chas'd Deer, after a Cooling Flood.
 Nor do I love You, for your HEAVEN, no,
 For Your blest Sake all Comfort I'll forego.
 The sharpest *Pain* from thence, will *Easie* be ;
 And Nought but HELL can be a Grief to me.

F I N I S.

